This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA.
GIFT OF
THE FAMILY OF REV. DR. GEORGE MOOAR
Class

With kind regards of

Mrs. Peter Smith.

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF
CALIFORNIA

Engd by A. H. Ritchie

Peter Smith

# MEMORIALS

OF

# PETER SMITH

Born, Brechin, Scotland, Sept. 21, 1802

Died, Andover, Mass., July 6, 1880

CAMBRIDGE
Printed at the Riverside Press
1881

CT 275
S 55, 73

Copyright, 1881,
By C. L. MILLS.

## PREFATORY NOTE.

THIS Autobiography and Biography of a long and well-spent life are brought together, in this "Memorial Volume," for the children and grandchildren of a dearly-loved father and grandfather, with the hope that valuable lessons may be learned.

# CONTENTS.


I.

PAGE

AUTOBIOGRAPHY . . . . . 1

II.

CORRESPONDENCE AND HOME LIFE . . . . . 45

III.

TESTIMONIALS . . . . . 75

IV.

PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS . . . . . 101

V.

LAST DAYS AND FUNERAL SERVICES . . . . . 119

# AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

# MEMORIALS.

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

## CHAPTER I.

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I WAS born in the city of Brechin, Forfarshire, Scotland, in the month of September, 1802. My father was a carpenter by trade. His name was Peter Smith. My mother's maiden name was Janet Middleton. They had five children, James, John, David, Peter, and Mary. David died when about eight years old.

The first incident noticeable in regard to myself, and which has often recurred to my mind, was the saving of the life of my sister when she was about three years old, which occurred on a Sabbath afternoon.

My father and mother both went to the kirk to hear some celebrated preacher, and left me at home to take care of my sister. A little girl,

one of the neighbors' children, younger than myself, came in, and we wandered out into the vegetable garden, where was a spring of water, built up like a well, two feet in diameter. My sister went too near the edge and fell in. When the little girl who was with us saw this, she ran to tell what had happened. I was frightened and ran some distance, but turned back; as the buoyancy of my sister's clothing kept her from sinking, when she floated to the side where I could reach her, I took hold of her clothes and pulled her out. If I had not turned back she would have been drowned, as it was some distance from any help. I was then in my sixth year. I have often looked back to the event as one of those wonderful providences of God that has marked my eventful life, and to Him be all the praise.

My father died in the month of August, 1810. I was in my eighth year, attending school. In the following spring I had the small-pox very severely; was blind about ten days. It was the end of summer before I entirely recovered.

The death of my father and then my sick-

ness brought my mother into rather straitened circumstances. My brother James was the only help she had, except her own hands, which she plied with great diligence at the spinning-wheel.

About this time, my brother John was bound as an apprentice to the trade of millwright. This cost a good deal in those days, as clothing and a certain portion of tools had to be provided.

During the harvest season of this year, as things were going pretty hard with my mother, she went with me to a farmer where my brother John had lived, to see if he could give me employment for my board. He heard her story, looked at me, and said I was a very small boy for what he had to do, but if I was as good a boy as my brother John he would try me a while.

I was employed, during the harvest, watching the horses in the pasture, when they were not at work, and doing such things as I was able to do. As the season advanced and white frosts made their appearance on the grass in the mornings, I took cold in my feet and legs; sores broke out upon them, so that I had to be carried home to

my mother, and was lame all winter from what was supposed to be the effects of small-pox.

After recovering from my lameness, I was sent to school for a short time. It was the last of my schooling, except what I got at a later period of my life by attending evening schools.

About this time provisions were very high, which made it hard for my mother to get the necessaries of life. By rising early and sitting up late, plying her spinning-wheel, she endeavored, as she used to say, "to make the two ends meet;" for she had great dread of running into debt, and gave us many a lecture on that subject.

About this time I was sent to work in a flax-spinning mill, but did not like it, and tried to get my mother to go out to some farmer in the neighborhood, and see if he would not take me as a herd-boy.

One day we started off together, but were unsuccessful, farmers preferring to employ country boys than to take one from town. At last, through the influence of a friend, I got a place, where I lived for one year. The family con-

sisted of an aged couple and a grown-up son and daughter. They were very kind to me and I had a good home, but got nothing for my services except my food. As I was only about two miles from my mother's house, she often came out to see me, in the summer months, on Sabbath afternoons, and hear me say my catechism, psalms, and hymns, and gave me much good advice to be sure and not be an eye-servant.

My next place of service was with Captain A——, who had purchased a farm in the neighborhood, and was building a mansion-house on the grounds. I went myself and made applicaiton for the place. He asked me my name, said he knew my mother, told me to call again, — that he would talk with the man who had charge of his cows, and let me know. I went home and told my mother, who was surprised to think that I should have the courage to go myself, so small a boy, and speak to such a gentleman as Captain A——. I had then formed the idea that if anything was to be accomplished it must be attended to at once, and this has been my experience in all my subsequent life. My mother

called upon Captain A——, to find out how matters stood, and was told her boy would get the place, and what his duties would be; that I would have to live on meal and milk. That meant that I was to do my own cooking. I had a certain allowance of meal; what I did not use went with my wages, which was a great help to my mother in those times of scarcity. I remained with Captain A—— through the summer months, and was pleased with my place. I went daily into Brechin with milk to Captain A——'s family and Provost M——'s, his father-in-law. As the winter approached, my services were not required; this was in 1812, a hard year for poor people; but I got a place in a baker's shop, which I did not like.

In the spring, I got a chance on a farm near Catterthun, — a good place. The people were kind to me; they kept a number of servants, male and female.

In the fall of this year, 1813, the linen trade was quite brisk. My brother James, being a weaver, was anxious that I should come home and learn the trade. I felt very reluctant to go

to the loom, as I thought, if I did, I should have to be a weaver all my days. I had then a great desire for some mechanical trade; but the glowing colors in which my brother placed the thing before me — that I could make so much money for a while, and then I could go to a trade afterwards — induced me to leave my place, and commence to learn the art of weaving brown linen. Everything went on well for a short time: but the year 1815 came, and the end of the French war; with it the fall of the linen trade, — nothing but destitution on every side. There was a complete breaking up of the business for a number of years, a period of great suffering, many families being reduced to want.

At this time my brother James went to Glasgow, and engaged in cotton weaving, leaving my sister and me at home with my mother. I occasionally obtained work from an Aberdeen agency that was established in the place, but mother thought I did not try hard enough. As she knew I did not like the weaving business, she thought there might be blame on my part for not getting work, which caused me to say

some unpleasant words to her; the only time I ever did so, and afterwards it caused me much grief, for I had a dearly beloved mother. The feeling that I had done wrong grew upon me, so that I had no happiness in my mind, and resolved to leave my home.

As the agency of the linen-weaving was at Aberdeen, and some of the people of the town had gone there after work, I thought I would go also. I told my sister I was going away to Aberdeen, but she advised me not to do so. Feeling so unhappy, and having nothing to do, I was determined upon it. All the available funds I had for the journey of forty miles was just one penny, that my sister gave me, when she followed me a short distance from the house to bid me good-by.

I was then in my fourteenth year, my sister four years younger. I have often thought of this circumstance, it being our first parting; so tender were my feelings that I almost broke down. The maple-tree at the foot of which we parted, and my little sister Mary, as she gave me the penny, are as fresh in my remembrance as if it were only yesterday.

Arriving at Aberdeen, I found a Brechin man at the head of one of the large manufacturing companies of the place, and told him that I could not get work. He looked at me with some distrust in regard to my statement, but, being an old schoolmate of my elder brother, James, and having some knowledge of the family, he gave me work. From this place I wrote my first letter to my mother, which rather astonished her, as she thought I had gone to visit my uncles, about ten miles distant.

I remained in Aberdeen about six weeks, and got along very well with my work; but, being a young and forward boy, I made some acquaintances of a very doubtful character, and found myself in danger of being drawn into bad company; so I resolved to leave the place, and return to my mother's house. I felt that I had done wrong in leaving my home.

I have often looked back upon my leaving Aberdeen and returning to my mother as one of those deliverances which God, in His mercy, wrought out in my behalf; for it has seemed to me, that had I remained longer in the place, I

should have been a ruined boy. How often have I thanked my God for turning the thoughts of my heart homeward, for thereby I escaped the snares of the tempter!

Having rode part of the way, I arrived at Brechin after dark. I was unwilling to be seen by my boy acquaintances, as they would laugh at me for returning home so soon, and call me "a runaway come back of his own accord." I was even ashamed, after I reached my mother's house, to go in, and lingered about the vicinity unobserved, thinking what I should do, and to make sure nobody was in the house but my mother and sister. I knew that they had no expectations of my being so near at hand, as I had received a bundle from home a few days before I left Aberdeen. I felt grieved that I should have said any unpleasant word to my mother; yet I knew, from her kind and forgiving disposition, that she would overlook what I had said and done, and receive me as a repenting and erring child. I accordingly mustered up courage to go in, just as mother and sister were preparing to retire for the night. Both of them

were very much astonished at my appearance, thinking I was in Aberdeen.

I very soon got work at weaving, beside a godly, praying man, who did all he could to guide me in the right way by his counsel and holy life. In after years he became the husband of one of my cousins, whose family and my own have been so intimately connected, as will hereafter appear.

During this year my brother John sailed for America, which was a great trial to my mother, as she thought that she would never see her boy again. It was many days before she could be comforted or reconciled to it.

In the month of February, 1817, being short of work, I took it into my head to go to Glasgow to see my brother James, and perhaps get work there. I told my mother that I thought of going to brother James. She said, "it was a silly notion and only boy's talk," as Glasgow was over one hundred miles from Brechin, and that I never would attempt that journey on foot. But, boy as I was, I had made up my mind to try it.

My sister accompanied me a short distance, bade me good-by, and went home and told mother, who was unwilling to believe I had undertaken such a journey; as my uncles' residences lay in the same direction, she thought I had gone there. I passed by in sight of their houses, where I had spent many happy hours with my cousins; but I had started on a journey I knew they would oppose. Being on a road at some distance, I passed unobserved, traveling that first day eighteen miles, and got lodging for the night in a small inn. When I awoke in the morning, there was a hard rain-storm. I paid for my lodging and breakfast, which took nearly all the funds I had, not knowing what would be the expenses of a tavern. However, I had determined not to turn back, so I faced the storm and traveled on, until about three in the afternoon, when my strength and courage began to fail. My limbs became much chafed and sore; I was as wet as I could be had I been taken out of a river.

I resolved to go to the first farm-house on the roadside and ask for lodging. I inquired

for the master. A man with a kindly look came to the door; when I told him what I wanted, I fairly broke down, my words choking in my mouth. He probably saw that there was nothing very bad about me, spoke kindly, and inquired about my parents. I told him I had a mother, where I was from, and where I was going; that I had a brother in Glasgow and other relations. He seemed to think it strange to see such a small boy on such a long journey, at that season of the year. He said I must have left my home without the knowledge of my friends; that he had no place for me to sleep but his barn. I told him I would be glad of that, if he would let me stay all night. He asked me to come in, dry myself, and get something to eat; I felt truly thankful, and accepted the invitation. There was a good fire in the kitchen; I got my clothes dry, with the exception of that portion around the middle of my body. In that condition I went out to the barn with the men when they went to feed their horses for the night; laid down on some bundles of straw with a covering of canvas bags, and asked the men to call me

early in the morning, as I wanted to be on my way. It so happened that I did not need to be called, for it seemed to me the longest night I ever experienced; I longed for the break of day. Being near the highway and about two miles from Perth, I could hear teams passing during the night. As soon as day began to appear I looked out and found the ground covered with snow, and it was still snowing. The rain of the past day had changed into damp snow. I thought that I could not wait until the men came out to feed the horses, so I started on, and traveled all day in the slush and snow. In the afternoon it cleared away and began to freeze. I traveled that day to within a few miles of Dumblane. I stopped at a small house, had a very good night's rest, and after paying for it I had just one penny left to carry me some thirty miles. I started on without breakfast. When about one mile from Stirling I began to feel the cravings of hunger, and made up my mind to go and beg for bread. I thought I would go to the first house and ask for a drink, and perhaps they would give me something to eat. I knocked at

the door; while waiting my courage failed me, or, rather, my proud spirit rebelled against asking. If any one had come to the door, I could not have told what I wanted, and accordingly left.

This was the nearest I ever came to asking for bread.

In passing through Stirling, I spent my last penny, twenty-eight miles from Glasgow.

To cross the Muir of "Take-me-down," which is a little way from Stirling, would make my journey four miles less; as I was getting tired and sore, it seemed to me a long distance to save.

I therefore left the highway and took the Muir road, which was used only for travelers on foot or horseback, principally by drovers in driving cattle to and from market. After entering on the Muir road, I called at a house to make inquiries about the way, and was strongly advised against taking that road, as I should get lost. There were a few houses on the road. It grew cold and the snow began to drift, but I had made up my mind to try it and so started on. I

had traveled two thirds the distance across the Muir, when I became very tired; my courage and strength began to fail me. Sitting down on the top of a snow-drift, I thought over my life; it seemed as if every wrong thing that I had done came up before me. I wondered how my poor mother would feel, if she knew my condition. I leaned my head on my hand, and thought here I was to die, with no one to care for me. How I did wish I had stayed at home! After this, it came to my mind to try it once more. I came in sight of a house soon, and felt new courage come into my heart. When I reached the house, I asked the good woman if she would let me come in and warm myself. She seemed very kind, and had a fine fire of peat; told me to sit down; inquired about my parents and where I was going; asked me to take some dinner, — "it was after their dinner hour, but there was some left." She encouraged me with the hope that after I got to Kilagath I would have company all the way to Glasgow; as there were always teams on the road; perhaps I might get a ride. I started off, being

refreshed with food and kind words, arrived in Glasgow after work hours and found my brother James, who was astonished to see me. The first salutation I got was, "You have run away from home. Mother never would have let you come." He inquired how in the world I ever got there, which has been a wonder to myself many a time since.

It was only by perseverance and the kind providence of my Heavenly Father, who had other duties for me to perform before I should be called to the account of my stewardship.

I remained in Glasgow about one year; got work at weaving beside a good Christian man, who took a great fancy to me and gave me good counsel. He had a fine library, and encouraged me in reading, of which I was always fond, although up to this time the books had been of the lighter sort, such as were common among country servants. Here I got a better class of books. I also attended an evening school for a short time, kept by a student, who afterwards became a missionary.

He was a good man; I have often thought

that, amidst all my wanderings, my lot was always cast among good people. I remember no time when I was treated unkindly. The good man whom I worked beside often talked with my brother James about finding some other business for me, for I was not born to be a weaver.

At length, my brother James wrote to my father's brother, — "Uncle John," as we used to call him, — who got me a place as an apprentice to the wheelwright trade, in Kerrimuir.

I left Glasgow in high spirits, and traveled back to Brechin on foot, but had means to support myself on the way.

My first night was at Stirling, my second at Perth, and my third at my uncle's, ten miles from Brechin. I reached home the next day, to the great joy of my mother and sister, as they had been anxiously looking for me.

After a few days in Brechin in getting my clothes mended and some additions made to my scanty wardrobe, in which my mother and sister engaged with all their energy, I started for my new home in Kerrimuir, where I was to remain

four years, as an apprentice with my new master in learning the trade of wheelwright.

The first two years were without any particular incident. I had formed the acquaintance of several young lads of my own age; a good deal of our time was spent, when the day's work was done, in foolishness, without any profit either to body or mind.

During the third year of my time a great change came over me. There was quite a religious interest in the town: prayer meetings were held in different places. I, with my young companions, commenced attending these meetings; soon we were all very much interested. They were conducted by a few very godly, praying men, and their labors were not in vain.

At this time my thoughts were turned to the salvation of my soul. I began to see my folly and sin. I had been a regular attendant at the kirk on the Sabbath, and the Sabbath-school, but more from the habit of my early training than from any desire to get personal good. The Lord led me in a wonderful way to seek salvation, and to make a personal application of the truth of His Word.

I read my Bible with an interest such as I had not felt before I became much interested in attending the prayer meetings. Soon a young men's prayer meeting was established on Sabbath mornings, in which I took an active part.

I was invited to take a class of boys in the Sabbath-school, and entered on the work with a good degree of interest. It was a rule in the school that the teachers should close the lessons with prayer. When it came my turn, I was in dread of performing my part; great fear came upon me, so that I had to stop in the service. After school was dismissed, a good man came and spoke to me; encouraged me to persevere, and I would get over being afraid to hear my own voice.

About this time I made my mother a visit. It was her custom to request me to read the Scriptures before retiring for the night. On this occasion, after reading a portion of God's Word, I kneeled down in prayer, at which my mother's heart was filled with gratitude to God, who had, in any measure, opened my heart to receive the truth. She seemed to feel like good

old Simeon, " Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

From this time I became more interested in spiritual things, and joined the class that attended at the manse to be examined, preparatory to uniting with the parish kirk at the communion season, which was observed once a year, in the month of June.

It was a parish of great extent, and at such times there were large gatherings. After attending for a few weeks at the manse, with some eighteen others, who had offered themselves as candidates, I had great trouble in my mind about going forward: I seemed to have such a sense of my own unworthiness that I almost decided not to go. On Saturday night preceding the communion, I mentioned my case to the gentleman, who was superintendent of the Sabbath-school; he encouraged me to go forward, which I did with fear and trembling.

At our shop we did all kinds of carpenter's work; often we made coffins for the dead, which were usually carried by two of us, on our shoul-

ders, to the house where the dead lay. On such occasions, the family and friends of the deceased were called in to see the body "coffined," as we called it. After the friends had taken the last look of the corpse, we screwed down the lid; then a portion of Scripture was read.

As I was considered a good reader, I was often asked to read, when my master was not present. I usually did so, selecting on such occasions the fifteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians. Sometimes, I ventured to make a few remarks to those present on the necessity of a preparation for such an event, as was sure to come to all.

This gave me freedom in speaking on religious subjects. Because of my own experience of the great change I had passed through, I was invited to address Sabbath-schools. On one occasion, which I can never forget, I was invited to go to a place, some four or five miles distant, to address what I supposed to be a Sabbath-school; but, upon reaching the place, I found the house filled with people of all ages. This was more than I had bargained for, and I told

the man who had invited me that I could not take charge of such a meeting. I was then a young lad in my eighteenth year; there were present old men and women, young men and maidens, — all classes that composed the neighborhood. When they were assembled and I looked upon them, the thought came into my mind, How can I speak to these people? Then, again, How can I go away and not say a word? So I resolved, the Lord helping me, to do what I could to interest them. I was afterwards careful not to accept invitations, except where there were others to help me sustain the meeting.

I had formed the acquaintance of some Christian men, who invited me, often, to visit with them the sick and dying. On such occasions the conversation was very profitable to me, for their confessions were, generally, of their misspent time and neglected privileges.

I kept up my attendance at the young men's prayer meetings and other means of grace.

Entering on the last year of my engagement, I had written my brother John, who was in America, that I had a great desire to go out

to him. I seemed to have a desire to emigrate at a very early period of my life.

In the latter part of May, 1822, I received a letter from my brother John, saying that he had formed a partnership with two men; that they were to commence the building of cotton machinery at Plymouth, Mass. If I was still inclined to come out to America, he had made arrangements with Captain Lewis for my passage in the ship Champion, of Boston. A letter was also received from Captain Lewis, saying he would sail the last of July.

I showed the letters to my employer, who thought that it was a good chance for me, and kindly consented to let me go. In two hours after I received the letters, I was on my way to my mother's to prepare for my journey.

I left Brechin for Liverpool by way of Glasgow, as my brother James and family and some other relatives resided there; spent a few days with them, and took steamboat for Liverpool.

I found the ship in Queen's Dock, and heard that I would have to pass the custom-house examination before I could go on board. I had

to take lodgings, and was told that I would have to employ a broker to get me through the custom-house. I was rather limited in funds, and did not see how I could employ any one to do this business for me. As the ship was still taking in cargo, I was in the habit of going to the custom-house daily, to see how things were done.

As it was then against the law to let mechanics leave without a permit from some government official, I was careful not to say I had a trade. When asked where I was going and what was my business, I said that I had herded cattle, and that I was going out to my brother. I suppose that my appearance (being clothed in a suit of corduroy, which was common for country lads in Scotland to wear when at work) confirmed my statement.

I accordingly got a permit to go on board, without costing me anything, but the delay took all the money I had to pay for lodgings. I sailed from Queen's Dock on the 1st day of August, 1822, without a penny in my pocket. Not having means to buy a mattress on which

to sleep, I slept among the spare sails that were stowed in the hold of the ship, and never had my clothes off my back except when I changed them on Sabbath mornings.

There were seven passengers in the steerage; they were all English people, and a very good company, going out to friends on business.

I kept a daily journal of the passage and what oocurred on board that seemed of interest to me. In after years, I often read it to my oldest children with great delight, as it served to keep alive in my mind the many strange scenes through which I had passed; to remind me to thank my Heavenly Father for his preserving care over me, and for the kindness I uniformly received from those with whom I made acquaintance.

My journal was lost or destroyed, for which I have always felt great regret.

We made land on the American coast on the second day of September; and on the third I landed in Boston with just one cent in my pocket, that was given to me by a fellow-passenger on board, and was the first American coin I had seen.

I wrote my brother John at Plymouth that I had arrived in Boston.

When the ship was made fast to the wharf, a great many people came on board to get the news from England, as there was no telegraph in those days. As we had made rather a short passage for a sailing-ship, we had the latest news.

I stepped on shore about three o'clock in the afternoon, at the end of India Wharf. It was quite warm, and being very thirsty, from the eating of salt meat, I walked up the wharf in search of a well, where I could quench my thirst, for it was getting to be intolerable. I could find none. Under the terrible craving for water, I spent my keepsake cent for a glass of ginger-beer, so that I was then in the same condition for funds that I was when I left Liverpool.

I had expected to remain on board until my brother John should arrive from Plymouth, but was told that no passengers were allowed to remain after the ship was made fast to the wharf. This put me in a sad plight, as I knew no one

in Boston, and had no money for lodgings. My case became rather a hard one. Some Scotchmen happened to come on board. As they were making inquiries about the old country, they at once became interested in me. I told them my condition; that I had to stay so long in Liverpool, after leaving my home, before the vessel sailed that I had spent all my money, and had nothing to pay for lodgings. They kindly told me they would take me to a house where I could stay until my brother came. I was thankful, and accepted their offer. They accordingly introduced me to the landlady of the then called "Burns' Tavern," which was kept by a Mr. Nicholson and wife, a Scotch man and woman. I suppose that all the Scotchmen that were then about Boston called to see me and get the news from Scotland. I was feasted as if I were some great character. In the midst of it all I began to think there was too much whiskey used. The landlady was very winning in her way; her house was quite a resort, as she used the broad Scotch dialect, which had an attractive influence on those who had been many years from their native land.

I often look back with thankfulness to God that I was preserved from the temptation to drink, which was freely offered to me. I was then in my twentieth year, and, with the excitement of landing on a foreign shore, I was in a condition to become an easy prey to the temptation of strong drink; but, thanks be to God, I was saved!

In two days after my arrival, my brother met me in Boston, and it was a meeting of much joy to us both.

My first Sabbath in America I spent in Waltham with my brother, who went to call upon some friends, whose acquaintance he had made while at work there some years before. He was received with expressions of great kindness by his old friends, to whom I was introduced as "My brother, just arrived from Scotland." Everything seemed new and strange.

We left Boston for Plymouth, where we arrived on the 9th of September, 1822, when I let myself for one year to the firm of John Smith & Co., machinists, at the rate of eight dollars per month, board and washing included.

While here, there sprang up quite a revival of religion, in which I took an active part, previous to which my spiritual feelings had become very cold and dead. I humbled myself before God, and made confession of all my sins. He was graciously pleased to give me great evidence of His forgiving grace. From that time I had much comfort while laboring in His service, both private and public, so that it was suggested to me, by some good Christian people, that I should study for the ministry.

My brother John, although not a Christian at that time, offered to send me to college. I took the subject into prayerful consideration, and spent many hours in prayer, desiring to know what was my duty, but could never obtain satisfactory evidence that I was called to that service.

During this time I had made the acquaintance of Miss Rebecca Bartlett, with whom I conferred on this subject. She was a devoted Christian girl, and said that any partial engagement I had made with her should not stand in the way of my duty, for she willingly released me from all engagement. It was a trying time to us both,

for I sincerely believe we tried to find out what the will of God was on the subject. I kept it before my mind for months; but as I could find no more evidence that I was called to that work I gave it up, thinking that the Lord had other service for me in His vineyard. I have always felt satisfied that my decision was right.

On the 24th of August, 1824, I married Miss Bartlett, and on the 1st of May, 1825, we moved from Plymouth to Andover. Here a new field was opened for my religious improvement, under the preaching and religious instruction of the Rev. Dr. Justin Edwards, who at this time had a third service, Sabbath evenings, — a Bible class, — which was very fully attended by the adult members of his congregation and by many of the students from the Theological Seminary. His expositions of Scripture were so interesting to me that I longed for the Sabbath to return; and although more than forty years have passed, they seem still fresh in my mind.

I was in the habit of attending the weekly prayer meeting of the church, where I formed

the acquaintance of many godly, praying men and women. I was often called upon to take part in this service. I was very timid at first, but as I became more acquainted with the brethren and sisters of the church I gathered more courage, and felt that they would overlook any imperfections in my speech, if my daily life was "such as becometh the Gospel of Christ."

Deacon Newman seemed to take great interest in me. I was in the habit of often calling at his bookstore, where I received much good from his conversations.

In 1826, Dr. Edwards commenced his more public labors on the subject of intemperance, which made quite a stir all over the town. As there was only one church or society, at that time, in the place, all the people who went to meeting had to hear what he had to say on the subject. Many were filled with indignation at his plainness of speech.

My brother John and myself took an active part in the reform, as it was then called.

In the latter part of this year, the West

Parish church was formed as a colony from the South. As my residence was within the boundary line, I could not think it to be my duty to leave the valuable instructions of Dr. Edwards. But, in 1828, I left the South and joined the West church, then under the pastoral care of Rev. Samuel C. Jackson, a young man of great promise and a good preacher.

In 1829, I was asked by my brother John if I would not like to go to Scotland and see my mother. He had a double object in view, having been there the year previous and renewed his acquaintance with a Miss Ferguson, of Glasgow, and by correspondence had proposed the subject of marriage to her. He offered to pay all my expenses and take the charge of my family while I was absent, which consisted of my wife and three little children. My wife very readily consented to have me go.

On the 1st of May, 1829, I sailed for Liverpool in the ship Boston, Captain Mackay, and returned in the same ship, arriving in Boston on the 1st of August. The people in the town were very much surprised, on my arrival, to find that

I had brought over a lady for my brother's wife. They were married in the West Parish church, in the month of October, 1829.

Just after their return from their wedding tour, Mr. Warren Richardson, one of my brother's partners, died very suddenly, and in 1831 his other partner died; so my brother bought out the entire interest, and put me in charge of the machine-shop. It was rather trying at first, as there were many workmen in the shop of more experience than myself. It was hard for me to give orders and oversee those with whom I had worked as a journeyman. However, things all went on smoothly.

In 1831 and 1832 there was a great religious interest all over the country. It was the time of protracted meetings of from three to four days at a time. The first held in Andover was at the South church, then under the charge of Rev. Mr. Badger. About twenty-five of the men in the shop banded themselves together to attend all of the meetings, out of a spirit of opposition more than from a desire to be spiritually benefited.

As the hearts of all men are in the hands of God, He was pleased, in great mercy, to make these means the instrumentality of the conversion of many of those men. I thank God that their record has been an honor to themselves and to the church of Christ. I gathered them together in an upper chamber of my house, and gave them some religious instruction, encouraging them to take a part in the weekly prayer meeting I had started very soon after coming to Andover.

About this time, my brother James and family arrived from Scotland. He was a good man and a great help to our meetings, for he was well acquainted with the Scriptures and had an excellent memory.

My brother John now also became interested in the subject of personal religion. I was most pleasantly situated, having the enjoyment and comfort of the precious promises of the gospel, and doing what I could to advance the interests of my Saviour's kingdom.

My cup of joy seemed to be running over, but a sad affliction was just before me. On the 20th

of May, 1833, the Lord was pleased to remove from me my dearly beloved wife. This was a great loss to me and my five little children, the youngest only twenty-four hours old.

I was so overwhelmed and prostrated at the loss that I scarcely knew what to do with myself. She was a direct descendant, on the maternal side, of the Mayflower Pilgrims, a very pious, good woman, and a great help to me in my Christian life.

After the death of my wife, my friends extended to me their sympathy and prayers, more particularly the wife of my brother John, a most excellent woman, with a large Christian heart. She took my babe, and nursed it for a while as her own.

As time passed on, I began to take fresh courage for the battles of life, and to do what was my wife's last request, — to take good care of the children. I lived in single life for more than two years. On the 5th of June, 1835, I married Esther H. Ward, who was living in the neighborhood with her married sister, Mrs. Warren Richardson, and who was well acquainted with my family previous to my wife's death.

It was during the fall of 1834 that I entered into a partnership with my old friend, Mr. John Dove, with whom, when a boy, I worked in one of the flax-mills of Brechin. He had come with his family to America, and had forwarded his address in New York to my brother John, who, having occasion to be in that city, according to my request, called upon my old friend, and brought him to Andover. We had not seen each other for twelve years, and of course had both changed very much in looks, as in that time we had passed from boyhood to manhood.

Mr. Dove being a machinist, my brother John engaged him to work for him in his shop, and he removed his family to Andover.

Mr. Dove proposed to me to build a machine for making chalk lines. After he gave me a sketch of the same, I told him that I would advance five hundred dollars to pay for the material and the support of his family while he was doing the work; that I would retain the charge of my brother's shop, which I would not give up for an uncertainty. He agreed to these terms;

and went to work and built the machine. The agreement was that I should have half the profits from patent or production.

I wrote to the Patent Office in Washington, making inquiry if there had been any patent issued for a machine of that kind. I received a reply stating that a model would be required, in order that an examination might be made. On reflection, I thought there was so much trouble about procuring patents and taking care of them, I was in doubt what to do, when brother John proposed to unite with us, which was a very timely offer, as he had the means to assist in starting a new enterprise.

The making of machine twine from cotton yarns seemed to be rather a small business for three machinists to enter into.

It was suggested to go into the manufacture of yarn, and was proposed that brother John should erect a building, on the opposite side of the river from his machine-shop, and rent it to the firm, which had taken the name of Smith, Dove & Co.

The subject of flax spinning was talked over;

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



as we were from a flax-spinning district in Scotland, and when boys had worked in the mill, the thing looked feasible. We accordingly sent Mr. Dove to Scotland to obtain plans and information about the kind of machinery needed. Mr. Dove returned, after being absent a few months, with plans for flax machinery. We commenced on the same as soon as the patterns were made, and spun our first yarn in the month of August, 1836.

I have been particular in giving an account of the formation of the firm of Smith, Dove & Co., which afterward became the Smith and Dove Manufacturing Company, which has been so successfully carried on.

I have digressed somewhat from my personal narrative to speak of the business in which my brother, Mr. John Dove, and myself were equal partners: brother John taking charge of the books and finance department; Mr. Dove of the machinery; my part being the charge of all the operatives, looking after the raw material, the manufacture of goods, and all mill supplies.

We thus worked in our different positions with harmony and success, often riding nights, through winter's cold and summer's heat, spending days in cities and towns, trying to get our goods introduced to the market, as we had now become the manufacturers of shoe thread. We met with much opposition, at first, from importing houses, as that class of goods was all imported from England. It was thought by the trade that shoe thread could not be made in America.

I would here notice the first sale of shoe thread that I carried to market, making a bundle of thirteen pounds. I started in the stage-coach for Boston; made several attempts to expose the goods for sale, but without success.

I was getting somewhat discouraged, when, entering a store, I saw behind the counter a kindly looking man, and, watching the opportunity when he was not engaged, I went up, opened my bundle, and asked him to examine the thread.

He pronounced it strong, but not very well finished; but said, that if I could make it as

good as that he had from Leeds, in England, I could do well.

Thus, being encouraged, I went into other stores, and sold my package, this being the first sale, so far as we know, of shoe thread, made by machinery, in the United States.

# CORRESPONDENCE AND HOME LIFE.

## CHAPTER II.

### CORRESPONDENCE AND HOME LIFE.

From the date 1836, at which the Autobiography of Mr. Smith closes, for the next seventeen or eighteen years, he devoted himself most assiduously to the establishment of his business, which, though attended with discouragements, was crowned at last with success.

It was during this period that he selected the site for his new home at Forest Hill, which he occupied until his recent decease. With a keen appreciation of beauty, both in nature and art, every hour that could be spared from his business he devoted to planning and arranging his grounds, taking the first steps toward the fulfillment of his ideas, which he lived to see, in a good degree, realized. His love for nature and his desire that the exterior as well as interior of his house should bespeak refinement and culture were among his prominent characteristics.

Whether at home or abroad, he was ever planning a new attraction.

By the increasing demands and pressure of business, the care of a large family, and the anxiety of settling in new quarters, the mental and physical taxation of these times proved too much for even his sturdy constitution. An entire relaxation from all perplexing questions became a necessity; therefore, he resolved to gratify the desire of his heart to revisit his native land. This privilege he was permitted to enjoy, not only once, but repeatedly; taking with him on every trip one or more of his family, until nine of his children and three of his grandchildren had been his traveling companions.

The bracing sea air and the sailor life, which were always rather fascinating to him, proved a panacea for all his infirmities. Every day only added new vigor to his worn-out body and mind; as he expressed it, "It seems the harder the vessel heaves the better I feel." When, amidst the fury of the winds and waves, most passengers were driven to cabin or state-rooms, he remained on deck, his whole soul awed and his mind filled

with thoughts of Him "Who maketh the clouds his chariot; who walketh upon the wings of the wind." "He maketh the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still."

His correspondence during these seasons of travel shows plainly the depth and firmness of his Christian character; the affection for his family and home; the interest in the church and Sabbath-school, of which he was a member; and also the yearnings of his soul for nearer communion with God.

He never tired of wandering about the haunts of his boyhood, and allowing the varied scenes of his life to pass, panorama-like, vividly before him. In 1854, he writes: —

"It is with feelings of no ordinary kind that I date a letter from the town of my nativity, where it is my desire to enjoy for a few days the society of kindred who still remain upon the earth. The town of Brechin looks beautifully: its spires and churches, standing among the trees clothed in foliage, present a scene of great beauty for the eye to behold; the streets and dwellings, many

of them remain the same as in my early days, but the inhabitants are greatly changed."

In the same year, after a season of sight-seeing in London, and a visit to the graves of celebrated men, he writes: —

"We have stood by the graves of those who have moved the world by their power, made kings tremble on their thrones, and, like slaves, bow down before them. It is but a small space they now occupy. How applicable the words of the poet: —

'Princes, this clay must be your bed,
In spite of all your powers.'

We have stood by the graves of Wesley, Bunyan, and Watts. How different are the aspirations which dawn on the mind when contemplating the lives and characters of these good men, who blessed the world, while they lived in it, by their works of labor and love, and who, through the divine influence of the Holy Ghost, are now preparing many who shall shine as stars in the kingdom of our God forever and ever!"

It was in 1860 that Mr. Smith first went to Italy. His impressions he gives in the following letter to his wife: —

"Here we are in the great city of Rome! We entered its gates on the evening of the 15th. After passing through many of its narrow streets, with turns to right and left, we at length arrived at Hôtel de l'Europe, after a tiresome journey, by sea and land, from Naples. It is really vexatious, the obstructions that are placed in the way of travelers, — the police, custom-house, passport regulations, and beggars, whose name is legion, from the priest to the blind fiddler, who meet you at every landing or public gate, with such importunity as none but Italian beggars know how to exercise. Our first day in Rome happened to be one of the high days, being that of Ascension. We accordingly started with our courier for the church of St. John Lateran, where the ceremonies of the day were to be performed. Immense crowds of people were gathering to the place. Soon after we entered the square, the approach of the Pope was announced

by a troop of horsemen, with drawn swords; then came horses and carriages in the most gaudy style, with Pope, cardinals, and bishops, ambassadors of foreign courts, and other dignitaries (who seemed to be innumerable); priests with all shades of color for clothing, monks in their mean attire, and citizens and peasants from the country, made up the great multitude.

"We had a good place to see the proceedings in the church. A line of soldiers was drawn up on either side, from the high altar to the door, with swords drawn, guns and bayonets fixed. Now entered priests, bishops, and cardinals; then came the Pope, carried on the shoulders of four men, in a large arm-chair, his subjects all kneeling.

"In front of the high altar is a tabernacle, said to contain the heads of the Apostles Peter and Paul. After high mass was over, the people all repaired to the front of the palace to receive the Pope's blessing. He was carried to the front of the balcony, where he offered a short prayer; then he waved his hand to the multitude, as a signal of his blessing, which was received amidst

the roar of cannon and the din of martial music. The second day we drove to what is called 'Pincian Hill.' This is a beautiful place, well laid out for promenades and drives, and is much frequented, giving to those who ascend the hill a partial view of the city. We took a drive outside the walls, through the grounds of an old Roman villa, which are much used by the nobility for carriage drives, and are laid out in fine taste. Roads and walks are kept in fine order, and here one may drive in shade or sunshine, by fountain or statuary.

"We also visited St. Peter's church, and some others celebrated for their fine paintings and statuary; also the Coliseum, that great pile of brick and mortar, the larger part of which still remains in good repair.

"The Triumphal Arch of Constantine stands near this building, and in its day must have been admired for its magnificence in architecture and sculpture. All the figures are of the most chaste character; after the lapse of so many centuries, with the all-destroying hand of time upon them, they fill, even now, the mind of the beholder with the greatest admiration.

"We visited a picture-gallery on this day, thus mingling our sight-seeing with different objects of interest. In order that the eye might not become weary in looking at the ruins of the past, we spent some time in studying the works of modern genius as portrayed on the canvas. On the holy Sabbath, a very wet day, we attended service at the English chapel: as the clergyman was about leaving his charge, he preached a farewell sermon. While I sat there, I thought of the closing chapter of the Acts of the Apostles. May the Holy Ghost, as of old, descend upon some faithful ministers of the Word, who shall preach Christ and Him crucified as the only way of salvation for lost men. The hearts of this people are waxed gross; it is astonishing to see the papal darkness that envelops the mind.

"On Monday, after visiting the Vatican, we drove out to Villa Doria. This is a most beautiful place, with fine gardens, in richness of foliage presenting to the eye the fancied picture of the garden of Eden.

"I find that in making an attempt to describe

the beauties of nature or of art, in and around this interesting city, it requires the pen to be wielded by a master hand. One must see them in order to draw in the inspiring influences which this ancient city and its surroundings are calculated to produce. Whether in the Forum or the field, the history of the past covers this place with scenes of interest. Here, in this city, the Apostle Paul wrote some of those Epistles which are so full of comfort and instruction to the Christian disciple, as to the triumph over the power of sin and of faith in Christ. He could exclaim, 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world.'"

In the year 1865, a sad affliction came upon Mr. Smith, as God called from that happy home one of his dear children; the first link in the chain was broken.

His daughter Lucretia having been out of health for some time, he resolved, after consulting the physicians, to try the effect of a sea

voyage, hoping for a happy and successful result.

The following extracts from a journal, will tell the sad history of the next six weeks: —

December 6th. Left my home with two of my daughters, Jennette and Lucretia, on a voyage to Europe. Sailed from Boston, in the steamship China. All well and in good spirits, with the exception of Lucretia, who has slight cold, with cough.

December 16th. Custom-house officers came on board at daylight. After going through examinations we landed. Took the train for Edinburgh. Lucretia quite tired.

December 18th. Left in the early train for Brechin. Found my friends all well. They wanted me to make their house my home while I stayed in Scotland. I shall never forget their kindness.

December 21st. Called Dr. Guthrie to see Lucretia. He said she was quite sick.

December 23d. Writing to America. Sent a private note to my son that Lucretia was sick

with a fever; but I was in hope she would get over it. The latter part of the day she grew much worse. Dr. Guthrie sent for. Very sad thoughts concerning my dear child.

December 24th. Lucretia much worse, and sinking fast. I seem to feel that the hand of God is laid upon me in no common way. Far from the home circle, who know not the bitter cup my Heavenly Father gives me now to drink; but blessed be His name that I am in the midst of dear friends, whose attentions have been all that could be desired; whose prayers and sympathies seem to impart to me new courage, to strengthen my faith in all the purposes and dealings of God with me and mine. How much has He blessed me in time past! Why should I not have faith in Him now?

December 25th. Lucretia kept sinking, until at twenty minutes before eight she breathed her last. Farewell, dear child, until the morning of the resurrection, when I hope to meet you, a glorified spirit! The battle is fought, the victory won. Thou art relieved from all thy pain and feebleness! My heart is filled with the

deepest sorrow. We receive all the kind sympathy of our friends; their Christian conversation and prayers are a great comfort to us in this our time of need.

"Oh for an overcoming faith
To look within the veil,
And credit what my Saviour saith,
Whose word can never fail."

December 27th. Making preparation for return to America. The kindness of these Brechin friends is beyond the power of language to express. They seemed to take us up in the arms of their Christian sympathy and affection, and carry us through our sore trial with many prayers, commending us to God. I took my last farewell of my dear child's remains; impressed the last kiss on that lovely face, cold and white as marble.

December 29th. Two weeks ago to-night we arrived at Liverpool, all happy at the joyful prospect before us. But, oh, how changed is our condition! It is hard to realize, but so it is. We are on our way back to a sorrowful home. My tears are all dried up with grief. O my

God, help me to cast all my care on Thee, who hath said that not a sparrow falleth to the ground without thy notice!

January 11th. At eleven in the morning a New York pilot came on board. I was very anxious to hear if the steamer had arrived which had the letter containing the sad news. On learning that it had not my feelings were unutterable.

How can I go home to my family, and be the bearer of such heavy tidings! Oh, the anguish of my heart! How can I do it! May thy grace be sufficient for me, for my strength faileth.

Five weeks later the precious remains arrived. Appropriate services were held at the home, at Forest Hill. Two years after, the family lot at the cemetery was prepared according to Mr. Smith's own taste and under his supervision. A monument of Aberdeen granite was erected to the memory of the beloved Lucretia.

Although traveling was always a delight to Mr. Smith, whose keen appreciation of the grand and the beautiful, the sublime and the

exquisite, enabled him to value privileges of this nature to the highest degree, yet he never was so happy as when among the heather-covered hills of the land of his nativity. He never failed to visit the Highlands of Scotland. He thus describes a day spent in that region: —

"We are enjoying the scenery in the north of Scotland very much. We visited Staffa and Iona. The former is one of the most wonderful works of God. It was on a fine day that we sailed into the inside of Fingal's Cave; there were about one hundred persons present. While in the cave they sang the tune of Old Hundred, which had such an effect on the hearts of many present that the tears were to be seen trickling down their cheeks.

"While the voice was giving praise for His greatness, the eye was looking with delight on the evidence of His power."

The enjoyment of this trip was mingled with sadness, on account of the associations of the loved one now no more.

"I am sadly reminded," he writes, "of our dear Lucretia in revisiting these places, in which she took so much delight; I am also reminded that these earthly lights will soon pass away. While God, in His providence, permits us to enjoy seen objects, may we be enabled to look up to Him and say, My Father made them all."

Notwithstanding the repeated trips which he made across the water, he always enjoyed the enthusiasm and interest of his children and grandchildren, to whom foreign sights were a novelty; he entered as much into their excitement as if a novice himself. It was a sweet and sacred pleasure to him to recall the visits made in former years, when the associations would come to him so vividly, especially if connected with those who had already passed on to the better land.

On the thirty-second anniversary of his marriage he was in Venice, but that event, though he was among foreign scenes, did not escape his mind.

In a retrospective glance at the past, of which he is writing to his far-away wife, he says: —

"God has very greatly blessed us in the things of this world, filling our cup to overflowing with plenty; giving us a pleasant home, with all that is needful for the life that now is. He has also given us many dear friends to love, whose happiness seems to be mingled with our own, — friends dear because they are the friends of the Saviour, whom I trust we love and try to serve from day to day.

"During these thirty-two years, many changes have taken place in the circle of our acquaintance. Just as they have occurred in time past, they will occur in time to come; nothing is stationary on earth. Some of those changes have filled our hearts with great joy, some of them with the deepest sorrow. Seven years ago today, when in this city I wrote to you, our dear Lucretia sat by my side. How I love to think of her ways while here in the body; to visit those places where she loved to linger and feast on the beauty of nature or of art! They seem to have an interest to me now which they did not possess then. But what is the love of nature or of art to the love of the redeemed soul

in glory? 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.' May it be the purpose of our hearts to spend the few remaining days we may have on earth in preparation for our heavenly home, where the mysterious dealings of God, in His providence, will be no longer veiled in mystery."

In all these years his heart was continually going out to his Maker in gratitude for the blessings which He bestowed upon him. "When I look at the greatness of the works around me," — referring to the grandeur of the scenery at Interlaken, — "and the greater kindness of His providence which has been meted out to me and mine, I have reason to say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits,' whose loving kindness is new every morning and repeated every night."

In 1876 he writes thus to his wife from Brechin on the anniversary of his landing in Boston: —

"Fifty-four years ago to-day since I first landed in Boston! In looking back over these years, I see how many mercies my Heavenly Father has been bestowing upon me. Now and then a dark cloud has come over my earthly hopes and fancied enjoyments, just as if it were to teach me that here we have no continuing city nor abiding place. The golden chain of love that bound us has been broken; link after link has dropped out. While, with sorrowing hearts, we have looked at each broken link, as we have laid it away in the grave, have we not heard our Saviour say, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' . . . .

"God has spanned the heavens with His bow of promise, and planted Hope on its keystone, and bids Faith look up, while He says, 'They that trust in me shall not want any good thing.'"

With this feeling of gratitude came an overwhelming sense of his own unworthiness: —

"I feel myself unworthy to receive such manifestations of His goodness to such a sinner as I must appear in His sight, who is infinite in holiness. . . . .

"My thoughts, for the two or three days that are past, have been much engaged upon the passing events of the year that is just drawing to a close. In looking back, I can see many things left undone which ought to have been done, and much done which ought not to have been done. It has been a year of great anxiety to me as regards the business of this life: I have been often perplexed to know what would be best to do; yet this has been the lot of all business men. But all men are not made to bear with equal ease the burden. Some Christians need more grace than others to help them in the path of duty. Their passions are stronger, and their wills more uncontrollable; they need a larger measure of divine influence to subdue and melt them into the love of Christ. The Christian, when reviewing the past with all its mistakes, is encouraged to look forward to the future only by laying hold on the promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' This is all my hope, that the remnant of my days may be spent more to the glory of God than the time that is past. I shall not be with you to-morrow, when you meet with

the Christian brothers and sisters at the table of our Lord, but hope my spirit may be with you. From henceforth may we have a mutual quickening, so that our hereafter may be like the rising sun, which 'shineth more and more unto the perfect day.'"

Of all Mr. Smith's reminiscences, none were more touching than those associated with Brechin and Plymouth.

Writing from Brechin, he says: —

"I have just returned from the church where I went with my parents when a child, and sat in the same seat; then a little boy, now an old man. How many thoughts passed in rapid succession before my mind, — thoughts of those who once filled those seats: they have all passed away! There was not one present that I could remember having seen before. All my youthful associates are gone, or have become so enfeebled by age as not to be able to recognize me. It is a mournful pleasure for me to walk the streets of Brechin, and to remember the names of those good men and women who have left their influ-

ence on the generations that have come after them. I feel that I have been in some measure a sharer of this influence, and often ask myself, 'Shall my influence for good descend upon those I leave behind?' It is said that the memory of the righteous shall be held in everlasting remembrance, but the memory of the wicked shall perish."

Every year, a visit to Plymouth was one of the plans for the summer. There he loved to wander from street to street, and linger about the spot, the sight of which carried him back to his first experiences in America: he saw himself again a stalwart fellow of twenty, as he worked at his bench by the window. That was a reality; the prosperous man of seventy seemed a dream.

But in order to appreciate the character of this noble man, he must be seen in his own home. A man singularly fond of, and devoted to, his family. The following extract from a letter, written to one of his daughters during her school-days away from home, will show his great desire

that his children should improve their advantages for their own intellectual and spiritual development, as well as for future usefulness in the world; also his anxiety to know frequently of their welfare: —

ANDOVER, *February* 13, 1852.

MY DEAR CHILD, — I have been expecting a letter from you for some time past. I cannot believe that you have forgotten your father. I am rather inclined to think that you do not like to write letters. You had better try and overcome that feeling; three or four letters every week would not be too much. Let your thoughts be well chosen; write only about things that will be profitable to your own mind to communicate, and for those with whom you may correspond to receive.

I hope you are enjoying yourself, and improving your time in mental and moral culture. Your school-days are fast passing away; the opportunities you now have of cultivating your intellectual powers will soon be gone.

As a Christian, the question ought to come home to your heart, "Am I improving my

time and advantages that God may be glorified, and others, who are less favored than myself, be blessed by my influence and example?" My dear child, let it be the great object for which you live, to be the means of doing good to others; for that is the great end which the Christian ought to have in view, while in this world of sin and suffering. I hope you are growing spiritually, improving all the opportunities you have of obtaining a knowledge of your duty to your God and Saviour, for that is the height of all true knowledge. When you write, please give me an account of your feelings, and tell me how you are getting along in your spiritual life. . . . .

I hope you will take courage and pay up your debt in letter-writing, before it gets to be so large that you will be afraid to begin. From your affectionate FATHER.

At another time he writes: —

"It has always been my chief desire that my children should feel an interest in one another, and I hope that my labors have not been in vain."

It was a severe trial when any inroads were made upon his abundant share of daughters, that new homes might be formed. A terrible struggle, always, was waged within himself, before he could give his consent to the breaking up of the old home for the formation of new ones.

In a recent letter to one of his daughters, he says: —

"I go occasionally into the different rooms and chambers, and think of those who used to occupy them. Some have gone to the heavenly home; some have made themselves homes among the children of men. How thankful I am that they are all so pleasantly situated in this life; and much more so when I have the evidence that they are united to those who have given themselves to the service of the Lord Jesus Christ! I never shall cease to thank God, every day of my life, for this unspeakable blessing, and to hope that we shall all meet, an unbroken family, in heaven."

During the latter part of his life, when all of his loving band of twelve children, with one ex-

ception, had been taken from him either by marriage or death, he looked forward to the periodical visits of the surviving ones with joy. Never was he happier than when, with business set aside, he sat in his easy-chair, in the quiet hours of the evening, with the scattered members of his family laughing and talking affectionately and merrily together, either of the joys of the present, the scenes of the past, or the hopes of the future.

On the festive days, when all members and branches of the family came together, no countenance glowed so intensely, no eye sparkled so brightly, no laugh was so hearty, as his, the father and grandfather of the merry circle that he so fondly loved.

With such deep, passionate affection, the giving up submissively of the dear ones whom the Master had called to Himself was a sore trial; the conflict raged long and fiercely, but in every instance he was, at last, enabled to say, "Thy will be done."

The following extracts from letters written to his wife, one on board the steamer Parthia, the other from London, will show the strength

of his affection, the depth of his sorrow, and the calm submission to the successive bereavements in his home circle:—

"How many thoughts come to mind in looking over these years that are past! Our Heavenly Father has been pleased to give us much health and strength; prospering us greatly in the things of this life, also increasing us in numbers, as Jacob of old; and for so many years did suffer us to remain a happy and unbroken circle. But this was not always to be so.

"The beloved Lucretia was the first to be taken from us, the memory of whom has often refreshed my weary spirit. Then our dear Jennette, the first-born, who was like sunlight in the family, ever ready to help when help was needed. She made friends wherever she went, blessed of God with those traits of character for which she was loved at home and abroad; whose spirit had been disciplined by the trials through which God, in His providence, called her to pass. The next whom God was pleased to take was our dear and youngest daughter, the pride and joy of her father's heart. Often, when tired and

weary with the cares of the day or the week, would she cheer my spirits with the melodies of my native land. The next that followed was our Annie, who, after a few years of wedded life, was called to leave the pleasant home she had made, with the words, 'Simply to thy cross I cling.'"

"LONDON, *July* 30, 1876.

. . . . "I have just returned from Rev. Mr. Spurgeon's church, where we had a fine sermon from Genesis v. 22. 'And Enoch walked with God, and he was not, for God took him.' His illustrations were very fine: some of them took strong hold of my feelings, as, for instance, when he said that God was kind to those who walked with Him; like an earthly father walking with a child, who, when he comes to a bad place in the road, takes it up in his arms and carries it, so God carries His children along in this life, when they come to places of temptation and trial, and the deep gullies of affliction. I was then reminded of our experience as a family, — of the deep, deep gully He carried us through, when He was pleased to

take from us our dear Lucretia. Oh, how sore was the trial, and yet it was a Father's hand that did it! Then our dear Jennette, who was always ready to do for others' good, was removed from the sore trials which were the mixture of her earthly cup to the world where there is no more sorrow nor crying, and where all tears are wiped from every eye.

"It seemed to us that this was enough, but it did not seem so to God, for He was pleased to lay the hand of disease upon the fair flower. God took her, and she was able to say, 'Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil; for thou art with me.' Then our dear Annie, who was so loving, and had delight in everything that was lovely in nature, one year ago began to realize that her time on earth was to be short. With composure she distributed her earthly goods, that she might have nothing to clog her upward flight.

"These and many other scenes of my life passed before my mind, and I could truly say, God, my Heavenly Father, has taken my hand, and led me over the hard places and through the deep waters."

# TESTIMONIALS.

## CHAPTER III.

### TESTIMONIALS.

AFTER this notice of Mr. Smith's home life, it seems natural to speak next of his connection with the West Parish church and society. They were dear and precious to him. Associated with the church almost from its beginning, and as one of its deacons, he constantly gave his talents, his energy, and his means toward promoting its welfare. Whenever the ocean separated him from his sanctuary, when surrounded by the bustle and festivity of the Continental Sabbath, his thoughts were ever with the band of disciples in the West Parish church. Many times in his correspondence he mentions his solicitude and anxiety lest the weekly prayer meeting should diminish, in either numbers or interest; inquires affectionately for his pastor, and any that may be stricken by disease or cast down by sorrow.

The following testimonial of his valuable services to the church, and of the estimation of his Christian character, is from his pastor, Rev. Mr. Merrill, who knew him better than any one else outside of his circle of family friends:

My acquaintance with Deacon Smith extended over a period of about twenty-four years. For several reasons it was quite intimate. He was more immediately instrumental of my going to the West Parish than any other member of the church, and I went directly to his house at the first. I always counseled with him in matters affecting the interests of religion in the parish. . . . . His deficient early education he always greatly lamented. That he knew so little of grammar and rhetoric was not only a distress to him, but often restrained him from accepting positions for which he was better qualified than most men of a liberal education.

It surprised me often, when occasions roused him and made him forget his limited learning, to listen to such appeals, arguments, and illustrations of important truths as would have done

honor to men of the largest opportunities. Deacon Smith educated himself by reading; by intercourse with thinking men; by speech and labor for the kingdom of Christ; and by the great efforts he necessarily put forth in the conduct of his extensive business. If his learning was limited, his education was large.

During the four years of the civil war, Deacon Smith's desire for the maintenance of the government and for the extinction of slavery was intense. He was earnest in prayer, sometimes eloquent in speech, and, from the very outset, prompt to incur large pecuniary risks for those objects. He was among the very first to invest largely in the government bonds, which were issued to carry on the war. This, when the prospect was dark, and many men prophesying defeat, and few men of means were willing to put their property at such a hazard.

[Mr. Merrill omits to say that he gave not only money but men; two of his sons having served in the war, one of them until nearly the close of it.]

For several years after I went to Andover (as well as many years before), until he declined further election, Deacon Smith was superintendent of the Sabbath-school. In this work he was greatly interested and very successful. He took special pains to induce the children to commit to memory large portions of the Scriptures and the Assembly's Shorter Catechism.

So long as his age and health allowed he was constant in his attendance on the stated prayer meetings of the church. The calls of business very seldom prevented. His business affairs, often very pressing, were arranged with a view to these meetings.

When he rose to speak, as he often did, one would not conjecture that business, involving values that most men would consider a fortune, waited his attention at his factories, or on the wharves, or at the custom-house in Boston. In this power of commanding his mind and excluding the world at the call of religion, he was a remarkable man.

He took a special interest, always, in the missionary concerts, and often brought to them

intelligence which he had gathered from the secular papers, or from intercourse with business men.

In the matter of benevolent giving, he acted from principle, seldom from impulse. To the church and parish he frequently offered as much as all others would raise.

. . . . . .

There was nothing which seemed to give him greater satisfaction than private conversation on matters of Christian experience, or matters relating to Christ's kingdom.

. . . . . .

Never did he seem to break through his natural exclusiveness to such a degree as in the somewhat frequent private conversations which he sought with me, and I so greatly enjoyed with him, in my study. In these conversations, Christ, religious truth, Christ's kingdom at home and abroad, and Christian experience, were the common themes. If at any time the conversation drifted away from these themes, and fell, as perhaps at the time seemed unavoidable, upon any secular subjects, however impor-

tant, he seldom left me without expressions of regret.

. . . . . .

It certainly was by these, even more than by all his many gifts and other acts of kindness to me and my family, which we shall always remember with gratitude, that I was drawn to him, and led to regard him with affection.

On Mr. Smith's return from his last European tour, the congregation of the West Parish had arranged a reception for him, in order to express their congratulations on his prosperous voyage and safe return; also as a token of their respect and esteem.

A severe cold prevented his attendance; therefore, the following resolutions were drawn up and presented to him: —

*Resolved*, That we greatly regret the illness which prevents our much-esteemed friend, Deacon Smith, from meeting with us this evening, to receive our congratulations upon his safe return from Europe.

*Resolved*, That we heartily reciprocate the kind

feelings toward us expressed in the note received from him at this time.

*Resolved*, That in the grateful recollection of his faithful Christian services among us, as a people, for almost fifty years, and of the great assistance he has so freely given in maintaining religious ordinances, we earnestly desire that he may soon be restored to health, and may be permitted long to dwell amongst us, enjoying, as heretofore, the blessing of God.

As we have lifted the veil which hid from the world his more quiet life in the parish and his family, as we have even penetrated into the sanctity of his meditations, let us now look at him in his wider sphere of usefulness and influence.

From the outset of his business life, he resolved to maintain an integrity and uprightness in all his dealings, and to stand firm in his defense of the right. His wisdom and keen judgment were highly prized by all who knew him in mercantile life.

The following resolutions, drawn up by the corporation with which he was so long connected, will show the estimation in which he was held: —

*Whereas*, in the providence of God, Deacon Peter Smith, one of the original members of the firm of Smith, Dove & Co., and the Treasurer of the Smith & Dove Manufacturing Co. from 1864 to 1876, has been removed by death, we are constrained to recognize the event as a source of affliction to us, both in our corporate and in our individual capacity; therefore,

*Resolved*, that in his long and useful services, in his superior business judgment, in his devotion to the interests of this community and to his adopted country, and in his unexcelled integrity of character, he has placed us under lasting obligations. We commend his example to those upon whom will devolve the responsibilities from which he has been finally called.

Mr. Smith was not a man who coveted the favor of the world, or who sought for public offices, yet he held positions of trust and honor,

especially during the last twenty years of his life. He was a corporate member of the American Board, to which he contributed largely. The annual meetings, which he always planned to attend, he felt to be a great source of enjoyment and spiritual profit.

In 1863 and 1864, he was a member of the Legislature, and at the time of his death was connected with various railroad corporations and banking institutions.

At a meeting of the Directors of the Lawrence National Bank, held July 6, 1880, —

*Resolved*, That the decease of Deacon Peter Smith, of Andover, one of our number, and Vice-President of this bank, impels us to give public expression to our feelings on the loss of one who has been our associate since the formation of the bank; one whom we have ever found a most agreeable companion, a wise and judicious counselor, a valued friend, and a true type of the Christian gentleman.

Of all the beauties of the natural world, per-

haps there was nothing which excited more admiration in Mr. Smith, or awakened greater enthusiasm, than a floral display. It was always one of his desires, when abroad, to transport from foreign lands some rare specimen to add to the beauty of his own grounds, thereby gathering an unusual collection of rare and exquisite plants.

He was a warm advocate and patron of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, always attending their annual exhibitions, and sending contributions from his own grounds. That his membership was regarded as valuable to the society the following summary of the estimation of him as a man and a Christian will show:

"Mr. Smith has held a high position as an intelligent and successful manufacturer and merchant. He was a man of remarkable integrity and high-minded purposes, and in all his actions secured the implicit confidence of every one. His rare wisdom and accurate judgment in business affairs will be missed by those who so often sought his advice. He was a benevolent

man; his benefactions were many and in large amount. Possessing abundant means, he contributed liberally and cheerfully to such objects, public and private, as commended themselves to his judgment. His charities were carefully and judiciously bestowed, and he will be remembered with gratitude and affection by the numerous recipients of his kindness and bounty.

"He was very fond of horticulture. His love of flowers amounted almost to a passion. He delighted to see them and to talk about them. The choicest varieties of flowers and fruits blossomed and ripened in his garden and greenhouses.

"In all the relations of life, as the head of a family, a citizen, and a Christian, he was universally respected and beloved."

Another society greatly enlisted the sympathy and interest of Mr. Smith. Though so loyal an American, so benevolent a contributor to her educational and religious institutions and societies, he was ever ready to lend a helping hand to anything that pertained to his native land.

On the record of the "Scots Charitable Society" of Boston stands his name; his death called forth a touching tribute: —

"In the death of Mr. Peter Smith this society has lost one of its most valued members; one who, uniting in his person business sagacity and enterprise, noble generosity, and Christian character, has left behind him an example his countrymen may well emulate, and a memory they will most profoundly cherish."

While he was casting his bread on many waters, the town of Andover was not forgotten. It will bear lasting memorials of his interest in her welfare, of his pride in her progress. During his life, the cause of education was greatly forwarded by his influence and his means. Though not what would be termed an educated man, he was a zealous friend to those institutions whose aim it has been to fit men and women to battle with the world.

To both of the seminaries and Phillips Academy he, in conjunction with his brother and Mr. Dove, was a liberal donor. Brechin Hall, Me-

morial Hall, Smith Hall, and Phillips Academy all stand as noble monuments to their generosity.

The following letters from Rev. Mr. Furber, then Secretary of the Alumni of the Theological Seminary, acknowledging the gift of Brechin Hall, and from Mr. Alpheus Hardy, President of the Trustees, after receipt of his last donation, in 1879, serve as witnesses that these gifts were appreciated: —

ANDOVER, *August* 1, 1866.

MESSRS. JOHN SMITH, Peter Smith, and John Dove, having given to the Theological Seminary, Andover, the sum of thirty thousand dollars for the erection of a Library Building, and more recently the additional sum of thirty thousand dollars to complete it, maintain it in repair, and replenish the Library: —

At a meeting of the Alumni of the institution, this day held, the following minute was passed by a unanimous vote:

We recognize in this gift of the Messrs. Smith and Dove an act of noble Christian charity.

The largeness of the gift, its timeliness, and

the surpassing importance of its object, alike commend it.

We regard it as a most fitting testimony on the part of these gentlemen to the value of sound theological learning, as well as a token of confidence and affection towards this institution.

At the same time, it seems to us peculiarly appropriate that this Brechin Hall should owe its erection, and the Library its endowment, to men who, born on Scottish soil and nourished in their youth under the sacred influences which pervade that land, have adopted our country as their country, and this town of Andover as their home.

The donation they have thus made, however, we consider not as a gift to any one institution, country, or place, but to the whole ministry of our denomination, and to all the churches of Christ himself, for whose glory our churches, our institutions, and ourselves exist.

Most heartily do the Alumni of this Seminary express their thanks to these gentlemen. And most sincerely would we record our thanksgiv-

ings to God, who put it into their hearts to do this so important and necessary work.

May this beautiful hall stand to coming generations as an enduring monument of an enlightened Christian forecast and Christian liberality, and both the building and the fund provided to replenish the Library evermore be to the glory of the grace of God. Yours, with respect, D. L. FURBER.

BOSTON, *November* 24, 1879.

DEAR SIR, — At a recent meeting of the Board of Trustees of Phillips Academy at Andover, the Treasurer informed the Board that you had paid your subscription of twenty thousand dollars to the Centennial Endowment Fund for Phillips Academy, to be applied to the "Peter Smith Byers" foundation, to endow the chair of the principal of the Academy; whereupon it was voted that the President and clerk be authorized and instructed to express to you their deep-felt gratitude and high appreciation of your noble gift. This and other donations so frequently repeated by you, the Trustees

fully esteem, and they also gratefully recognize your potent influence with others from whom the Academy and the Theological Seminary have received liberal and timely aid.

These benefactions are not alone to your neighbors, nor yet to the present generation, but the distant and future ones are to be benefited and blessed.

It is a rich privilege to reaffirm the wisdom of the founders of these institutions in the words that "knowledge and goodness united form the noblest character, and lay the surest foundation of usefulness to mankind. With esteem and respect, cordially yours, ALPHEUS HARDY.

For some time Mr. Smith filled the office of President of the Trustees of Abbott Academy; as member of the Trustee Board of Phillips Academy and Theological Seminary, he was active even to the last year of his life.

Since his death Mr. Hardy thus writes: —

"The life and character of Peter Smith should not be allowed to fade into the forgotten or for-

getting past. There should be a record of it, not merely to honor his memory, but to aid us who remain, who may profit by his consistent walk and conversation among his fellows.

"Few men have furnished so much fitting material as he, out of which can be so easily cast a noble example for the consideration of business men, old and young. On my first acquaintance with him, I was impressed by his Nathanael-like character and bearing. His faith in God and in His Word was implicit; his confidence in his Redeemer can best be expressed in the words of the disciple referred to, 'Thou art the Son of God.'

"His manner, apparently reserved, was but the expression of his humble, modest simplicity. The more I saw of him the more I regarded him as a valued friend, a wise counselor, a Christian brother. He, more than all others, led me to accept a position I shrank from assuming.

"In his business relations he was strict in keeping the lines of justice and generosity apart; that he was generous no one can deny; that he was just all who ever had dealings with him will

admit. His generosity was the outgrowth of his own deliberate thought.

" As a Trustee of Phillips Academy and Theological Seminary at Andover, he carefully marked out his line of duty: where he thought he could be useful and helpful, he acted; when he felt he could not be, he wisely abstained. His practical suggestions and business habit of thought were valuable to these institutions in many ways; often he advanced a wise hint, with good effect, upon subjects outside of his line of training.

" But for a rule established by the founders and practiced by the early guardians of the Academy and Seminary, the Trustees would have expressed by specific resolutions their high appreciation of his services, and their admiration of his manly Christian character. His gifts, and those which were secured by his influence to the Seminary and Academy, were numerous and timely.

" Brechin Hall is a monument to him, to his brother John, and to his partner John Dove. In other ways they supplied deficiencies, thereby

enhancing the usefulness and increasing the vigor of both schools.

"Peter Smith was a stranger to pride; positions of trust and responsibility he valued only as the means of greater usefulness."

In the encouragement and aid he gave to the cause of education in America, he did not forget his obligations to Scotland. His obituary in a Brechin paper thus speaks of him: —

"Mr. Smith was one of those natives of Brechin who have shed a lustre on the ancient city. He was a true Scotsman of the best type, and his long life of nearly eighty years has been marked by independence, energy, industry, and uprightness, — qualities which have raised him to a position of influence in his adopted country, and have gained for him the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact."

From one of his intimate Scottish friends comes this additional testimonial: —

"Any memorial of our dear friend, Mr. Peter Smith, would be sadly incomplete without some allusion to the frequent visits he made to his native town, Brechin, Scotland, and to the interest, the deep and warm interest, he took in every movement connected with the temporal and spiritual welfare of its inhabitants.

"His friends in America know well how his heart bounded with joy, how his face lit up and shone with gladness, when Brechin or his Brechin friends formed the subject of thought and conversation. They know, also, how his mind wandered back to boyhood's days; how he lived them over and over again in the land of his adoption.

. . . . . .

"Every visit he made, he seemed to enjoy it more and more. Only on one occasion, during all these years, did anything occur to mar the pleasure of his journey: that was the death of his daughter, in 1865.

. . . . . .

"During one of his first visits, an excursion was made with Brechin friends and his daughter,

who accompanied him from America, to Catter Thun, a hill, famous for the remains of a Roman encampment, being the nearest of the Grampian range. How happy he was to get us all settled at the top among the heather, facing the North, looking down on the beautiful vale of Lethnot! He then pointed out to us the farm where he had once lived; the fields where he, as a 'herd laddie,' tended the cows. We were treated to story after story of what took place in those old days; of the people with whom he came in contact; of the church he attended; of the catechising by the minister, at the farm-house, when the family and servants were all gathered in to have their questions 'speered.'

. . . . . .

"No family has done more for the educational interest of their native town than the Smith family; for this their name will be mentioned and honored in the Annals of Brechin for generations to come.

"About midsummer, 1856, Mr. John Smith, who still survives his brother, wrote a letter to the then Provost of Brechin, launching a scheme

to build school-rooms, one for boys, one for girls, along with a teacher's house for the head teacher. His brother, Mr. Peter Smith, and his partner, Mr. John Dove, materially aided the movement, and gave largely of their means towards its accomplishment.

"The schools, a very handsome and commodious building, with teacher's house, tower, bell, and illuminated clock, were erected on the Upper Hill Butts, now called Andover Hill, in honor of their founders, that being the name of their American home. They were opened in the year 1859, and have ever since proved a great success. Several years after the opening, they were found to be getting too small for the growing wants of the community. Messrs. John and Peter Smith again agreed, at their own expense, to have them enlarged, which was done. Upwards of five hundred children have been regularly getting instruction within these buildings.

"Shortly after Mr. Smith's last visit, in the summer of 1876, owing to what he had personally seen and learned regarding the beneficial working of the 'Scotch Education Act,'

and after consultation with his brother, on his return to America, they both agreed that it was the right thing to do to hand over the buildings to the Burgh School Board of Brechin. This was accordingly done, with the reservation of £1,000, with which to form the nucleus of a Bursary Fund. Very shortly after this, these two brothers, still desirous to do something further for Brechin, transmitted £1,000 each, so as to increase the fund to £3,000. The yearly interest of this money is now under the control of the Brechin School Board, and is called the 'Smith Brothers Bursary Fund.' This has already been, and will largely continue to be, a stimulus to the education in Brechin.

"The Public Park, a place of recreation for the working classes, received also a handsome donation at our friend's hands. The Young Men's Christian Association was not forgotten, when he was applied to for a subscription to aid in building that institution in town. He was a yearly contributor to our 'Coal Fund;' and in many other cases did he show his warm attachment to Brechin by giving of his means when occasion required.

"Without exception, in all his periodical visits, he delighted to worship in the church of his ancestors, and to sit in his father's old pew. The burying-ground, in the old church-yard, was a revered spot to him, and was regularly visited. His brother and he, some time ago, erected a granite head-stone to mark the place where their father lies. He delighted to walk the streets and look upon the old place, and have a 'crack' with the friends of his youth, although these friends, of later years, were getting fewer and fewer. He used to visit the house where he was born, and the school-room in the Lower Tenements, near River Street, where, under his teacher, Davie Mollison, he learned his 'A B C's.'

"His Brechin home was at Esk Park, with his dear old friend David Duke. These two were like very brothers. They often together visited Tarfside and Lochlee, and had many a pleasant ramble. They kept up a close correspondence, and had much enjoyment in each other's company. Now they are reunited in the better land."

# PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

## CHAPTER IV.

### PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

More of such testimony might be given, but this is enough, — too much, perhaps, to be in keeping with the modesty of the man.

Our friend was not one of them "who seek honor one of another." So far from praising himself, he hardly assented to Solomon's saying, "Let another man praise thee."

We were present in the public assembly when the speakers showered compliments upon him, and ingeniously endeavored to bring him to his feet by way of replies, while he, with a bowed head, covering his face with his hand, "answered them not a word." In this connection, as well as in any other, it may be well to answer a question which will probably arise. How comes it to pass that a man of such marked modesty has so much to say of himself? All the way through his history, from first to last, he seems

to have had a shrinking back from anything that would bring himself to the front; to avoid "the very appearance" of anything like "vain-glorying." It was his way not to talk of his own affairs; if ever there was a reticent man, Mr. Smith was that man. It was as if he had always before him the Master's saying, "He that speaketh of himself seeketh his own glory."

Who of all his children and grandchildren that were with him abroad or in this country, at the summer resorts among the mountains or at the sea-side, ever heard him speak of himself as if he were a "man of affairs," — had become "rich and increased in goods?" Let the strangers who have fallen in with him in these journeyings say whether they saw anything in him, or heard anything from him, to indicate in any degree his own consequence. Reticent, rather than loquacious, on all themes, he was most of all reticent in matters pertaining to himself.

How did one who thus hid himself away consent, in his Autobiography, to bring himself out?

His pastor, the Rev. Mr. Merrill, knowing

something of the romance of his early life, persuaded him to write it. If he could only have gone through the last half of his history as he did through the first, what an inheritance would this volume be for those who come after him!

Some of us remember with the tenderest interest the time, some five or six years ago, when, at the close of one of the annual Thanksgiving festivals at his house, he read the narrative which marked his wonderful way to the middle of his life. We remember what he said when we asked him to go on till the end should come: "I leave that to those who come after me."

Would it be possible for any hand to write a biography which the autobiography would not leave out of sight?

"Who is sufficient for these things?"

To make the falling off less abrupt, if not less apparent, a search was made among the family friends for such letters, in the correspondence of Mr. Smith in all his later years, as might supply the links to the chain. With what success the search met these friends must judge.

Very thankful, we are sure, they must be that

the letters are of such a nature and in such number as to make good the inscription on the monument at his grave, "He, being dead, yet speaketh."

So far as we speak of him, our aim is to hold ourselves in, rather than to let ourselves out, in the disposition to magnify the excellences of our dear good friend. At least, we do not so far forget ourselves as to say, "Mark the perfect man," for his imperfections were to him a matter for confession and for lamentation, up to the time of his latest breath.

"You ask me," Webster's eulogist said, "if he had no faults, and I answer, He was a man." Yes, Peter Smith was a man, and "there is not a just man upon earth that doeth good and sinneth not."

Leaving the marks against him to be washed away in that Fountain in which he trusted while he lived, and whose praises he celebrated most of all when he came to die, we pass now to notice four traits of character, in which he leaves an example to his children and his children's children, that they should follow in his steps.

Of what, being dead, does he speak? Somebody has said, "When the name of Plutarch is mentioned the Echo answers, Philosophy!" What does the Echo answer when the name of Peter Smith is mentioned? Industry — Energy — Integrity — Piety.

### INDUSTRY.

What in the beginning was matter of necessity became at the end matter of choice; so that when the opportunity was before him, in advanced age, to retire from the battle of life he preferred to keep on his armor: after only the briefest and most painful experiment at putting it off, he took it up again, and kept it on until life was ended.

"Rising up a great while before day" in the winter, and with the rising of the sun in summer, he was all the day giving himself to his work. Even after his days were three-score years and ten, and by reason of strength almost four-score years, instead of sleeping, lying down, loving to slumber, he was doing with his might what his hand found to do, in his own private

affairs, or in those public trusts which were committed to his hands.

The Echo of Mr. Smith's name is something more than Industry. Many a man is his equal in gathering up the fragments of time, that nothing be lost, who knows little of his

ENERGY.

Most men are subservient to circumstances, instead of making circumstances subservient to them. If they are not appalled by difficulties, they are, at least, deterred.

Something there was in our friend which made him accomplish his purposes, though "the Alps or the ocean lay in his way." You seemed, all the while, to hear him say, "Should such a man as I flee?" Was ever boy more plucky? David Copperfield's courage in his journey from London to Dover, — what enthusiastic praise it has enlisted, and from how many thousands of sympathizing hearts! The mountains of difficulties he climbed up and the "Sloughs of Despond" he waded through were

all in the novelist's eye. But a stern reality they were to "the small boy," as his mother called him, who braved all, over the one hundred miles from this mother's home, in Brechin, to his oldest brother's, in Glasgow; in this, "the boy was father to the man." That indomitable force which carried the mere child through the terrible trials of that journey led the young man, "without a penny in his pocket," to take his voyage across "the great and wide sea," to seek his fortune in this new world.

From the day of his landing on our shores, through middle life, and until "gray hairs were thick upon him," "his eye was not dim and his force was not abated."

Of a higher grade than Energy is his

INTEGRITY.

When the Psalmist asks, "Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?" his answer is, "He that walketh uprightly and worketh righteousness."

In these days, when defaulters are so multi-

plied and the defalcations are so glaring, even of those from whom better things might be expected on the score of their profession, we have special occasion to emphasize Pope's saying, "An honest man is the noblest work of God."

In the manufacturing corporation, of which this honest man was for many years a leading member, never was any business done in any other way than "on the square." No pains and no expense were spared to make honest goods, such as might challenge inspection.

It was the nature of Mr. Smith to give a wide berth to anything that savored of shams, and to all dishonest or dishonorable deeds.

One of the business men of New York, after his decease, said, "For forty years I have been connected with Mr. Smith in business, and have never known him to do a mean or a dishonest thing."

Advancing now on the scale of virtues, we leave morality, and come to

## III

### PIETY.

Morality looks round, piety looks up. Happy is the man whose morality and piety meet together and embrace each other; who exercises himself to have a conscience void of offense toward God and toward men; who pays respect to his fellow-creatures and to the great Creator.

Peter Smith remembered his Creator. He remembered Him "in the days of his youth."

The "Scottish laddie" in the early days of his apprenticeship "sought the Lord." There it was that those religious principles were adopted which "brought forth fruit in old age." What are these benevolent offerings but the fruit of religious principle? It was not natural for one so schooled in economy to give by the thousands and tens of thousands for the support of educational and religious institutions. It required the powerful exercise of grace to triumph over nature; to give out with such a free hand that which had come in by the hardest.

It was not natural for one so reticent and so diffident "to cause his voice to be heard" in the

public assembly in defense of the faith, "once delivered to the saints."

It was the inspiration of the Almighty that made him lift up his voice like a trumpet in honor of the Lord's day, insisting upon it that our ecclesiastical bodies and our railroad corporations should "remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy;" going against the "Sunday trains," in the meetings of the Board of Directors, when they went for them, and that with a kind of determination which seemed to say, "I shall fight it out on this line if it takes all my life." Yet it was the exception rather than the rule for him to strive, or cry, or cause his voice to be heard.

While he was careful to let his light shine out far and wide on all the great questions involving the interests of morality and religion, it was in the privacies of every-day home life that the evidences of his piety were most unmistakably recognized.

Those who knew him best saw most clearly in him "the marks of the Lord Jesus." His children will always recall with interest his rev-

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



erence for sacred things; for the holy Sabbath, the Divine Word, the family altar, and for the secret place of prayer. As if it were not enough to have the household devotions, he must also "enter the closet and pray."

> "In secret silence of the mind
> My heaven, and there my God, I find."

How touching that call of his, just before his death, to be wheeled in his chair into that little room, whose walls and ceilings could testify to many an hour of communion with Heaven! What an influence in making him what he was those silent hours had!

> "When one that holds communion with the skies
> Has filled his urn where living waters rise,
> And, once more mingles with us meaner things,
> 'T is e'en as if an angel shook his wings;
> Immortal fragrance fills the region wide,
> And tells us whence his treasures are supplied."

Just what was the making of Mr. Smith we do not know. "Secret things belong to God." Let us be looking to the time when, in another country, that is a heavenly, he may tell us, in the new light gathered, what ways God adopted

to bring back his soul from the pit, and to be enlightened with the light of the living.

In part, the question is answered in his Autobiography. To the praise of the glory of God's grace he ascribes it that in all the changes to which he was subject, in early life he was brought under the influence of good men. He was under special obligation to that good man by whose side he worked when learning his trade, and who improved the opportunity to say, " Behold the Lamb of God."

What a new meaning there must be, now, to that good man in the saying, " He that converteth a sinner shall save a soul from death!" Of another good man, whose influence made our friend what he was, we cannot now particularly speak.

When the still surviving senior member of the firm Smith, Dove & Co. shall have gone the way of all the earth, we may say how much he did for his younger brother Peter: encouraging him to come to America; paying his passage across the water; setting him up in business; taking him as a partner, and leading him on in wis-

dom's ways. Blessed be he of the Lord that hath not left off to show kindness to the living and to the dead."

After all, it may be questioned whether it is the influence of the good men which is to be magnified so much as that of the good women: of the good wives, "one of whom is taken and the other left;" of the good sister Mary, who, like some of the Marys of the Gospels, has left such fragrant memories; and especially of the mother, whose children "rise up and call her blessed."

What an undertaking for that mother! A widow, with no other resources than such as were divine, attempting to fit a family of four young children for this world and the world beyond, and three of them boys!

We have heard of this poor widow's anxieties for her trio of sons, her Peter, James, and John; especially as to what was to become of Peter, his tendencies being those of the wild ass's colt.

Did ever a troubled sea more truly subside than when that mother, on reaching this coun-

try, found these three sons to be the sons of God? What a prayer meeting that was to her to which she went, soon after her arrival, where her Peter, James, and John, as if in "the apostolic succession," were the leaders.

One of these sons has said, "It was the proudest day of my life when I walked up the aisle of the West Parish church with my mother on my arm."

Let the widows who trust in God take courage. To them are the "exceeding great and precious promises." Let all Christian mothers take courage. The promise is to them and to their children. If, with an holy trust in God, they are training these children in the way they should go, when they are old they will not depart from it. When the vote is taken among our theological students as to the influence which makes them what they are, with great unanimity the mother's influence is exalted. One of our notable metropolitan ministers has recently said that "it is the hand of the mother of the Wesleys that is ringing all the Methodist church-bells of the land and of the world."

Whatever doubt there may be as to the formative causes in the character of Mr. Smith, there can be no doubt that he was a "man of mark," and that his influence everywhere was felt. He *would* not say, as Job said, "When I went out to the gate through the city, the young men saw me, and hid themselves, and the aged arose and stood up;" but he *could* say with Job, "When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me."

In the family, he was looked up to with little less than reverence. In the factories, where it was his peculiar province to manage the operatives, there was never a "strike," and hardly as much as a murmuring word.

In the educational and religious institutions to whose boards he belonged, his words were so "few and well ordered," and were with such wisdom, that men "gave ear, and waited, and kept silence," at his counsel.

Who of his descendants, for whose sake these memorials are gathered, will be like him? To equal him we can hardly expect, but let us re-

member that "he who aims his arrow at the sun shoots higher than he whose aim is lower."

Strictly speaking, there is in the moral world only one sun, "the Sun of Righteousness."

"One is your Master, even Christ," and His command is, "Follow me." But we may follow Mr. Smith so far as he followed Christ.

Under this restriction, our prayer is that "the shadow of Peter, passing by, may overshadow some of us;" that his mantle may fall on us all; that we may live the life of the righteous, and 'die the death of the righteous, and our last end be like his.'

# LAST DAYS AND FUNERAL SERVICES.

## CHAPTER V.

### LAST DAYS AND FUNERAL SERVICES.

On the 23d of May, while in his full strength, Mr. Smith was suddenly stricken with paralysis. Having rallied a little, he resumed, for a short time, his daily occupations to some extent, but the progress of the disease was so rapid that only two or three weeks sufficed to show that the end was near.

During his sickness, he was constantly surrounded by the members of his immediate family and its various branches. Not to his children only, but also to his grandchildren, numbering nearly a score, he gave most affectionate and memorable farewells. Around those weeks will ever cluster, in the minds of all, precious memories. It seemed as if God dealt the blow just as gently as possible; amid the deep sorrow there was much cause for gratitude.

One Sunday, about two weeks before he died, when he seemed for the first time to realize fully that he was to bid farewell to all his earthly associations, his friends, his beautiful home, his family, there was evidently a sharp conflict within. He said little, but asked to be rolled in his invalid's chair to the top of the hill, that he might look for the last time upon the house of God, where he had been so strengthened and helped for the battle of life; that he might enter once more the grove where, in the early morning, he had had so many communings with his Maker; that he might again behold the fields waving with corn, the fragrant flowers and beautiful trees, — the fruit of his industry. The conflict was soon over, the victory won, and he could leave all for the better land beyond.

One morning, as he sat by the window and heard the singing of the birds, he said, " This is a beautiful day; but how much more beautiful it is in the land where I am going, where the streets are paved with gold!" At another time, when listening to the expressions of affection from one of the family, he said, " Ah, yes, I

know you all love me; but my Father calls me. My life is over, and you must n't try to keep me."

He requested to have read, and he himself repeated, many times, the old familiar psalms and hymns, especially this one: —

> "Give me the wings of faith, to rise
> Within the vail, and see
> The saints above, — how great their joys,
> How bright their glories be."

There were no more touching scenes than those between the two brothers. These aged disciples conversed together of the heavenly joys in store for them, as they strengthened and encouraged each other; the one about to enter the valley of the Shadow of Death, the other to remain a little longer on this side of the river.

On one of the last days, too feeble to respond, or scarcely to recognize any one, being asked, "Do you know me, brother?" he replied, "I — know — that — hand."

Yes, that hand that had been taken so many times. A beautiful testimony it was to brotherly unity and affection that, amid the toils and vexations of so many years of business life, there

had never been any trouble so serious that, in parting at night, they could n't shake hands.

In all these closing days, it seemed to be much on his mind that, while he was to be taken, she who had been the companion of his life was to be left. He dwelt much upon the loneliness which would come upon her when he should be gone, expressed great solicitude for her increasing infirmities, and repeatedly commended her to the care of his children, that everything should be done for her comfort.

When all supposed the last words had been spoken, rousing himself, he called for his wife and family, who immediately gathered about him. He assured them of his affection and of his appreciation of their devotion. As he looked about and saw their tears, and heard a suppressed sob, that occasionally broke the solemn stillness, he said, in a calm voice, " Be still, and know that I am God." He told them not to mourn, assuring them he was happy, saying, " It is all sunlight on the other side." Then

taking the hand of his wife, who sat beside him, he repeated these words: "My grace is sufficient for thee."

In the early morning hours of July 6, 1880, this life came to an end; gently, peacefully, and gradually the spirit returned to God, who gave it.

"It was a fit end for such a life as his had been. He was a man into the four corners of whose house there had shined, through the years of his pilgrimage, the light of the glory of God. Like Enoch, he had walked with God, and was not, for God took him."

On the 8th of July the tokens of respect were paid to the departed one. The remains, for an hour before the services, were seen by the operatives, who came to look on that face whose kindly eye and pleasant word were always so welcome. Simplicity, on such occasions, had always been the preference of Mr. Smith; therefore, those arranging his obsequies kept that in view.

The spacious rooms were filled with delegates

from various business, banking, and railroad corporations with which the deceased was connected; also with representatives from religious and educational institutions which he had befriended.

All these came to weep with those that wept; though they had no claim to kinship or even intimate acquaintance, they yet felt a sense of personal loss.

The services were under the charge of Rev. Charles Smith; he was assisted by Mr. Burr, present pastor of the West Parish church, who read appropriate selections of Scripture; also by Professor Park, who made the following address:

It was the desire of our departed friend that he should not be praised at his obsequies. Such a desire ought to be respected. It is difficult, however, to check the impulses of nature at an hour like this.

When the woman who "was full of good works and alms-deeds which she did" had been called away from her life of charity, all the wid-

ows lingered in the chamber of death, and showed "the coats and garments which Dorcas made while she was with them." They could not repress the reminiscences of her good life. In like manner, assembled as we are in this house of mourning, it is impossible for us to forget that many widows are in Israel whom our friend has made glad; many orphans has he comforted; many young men have been saved by his wise counsels; many indigent students have been relieved by his thoughtful generosity; there has been a well-worn pathway from our Western colleges to his residence.

On the island of his birth, our friend had stood in the cathedral of St. Paul, and admired the inscription over the tomb of its architect: "Do you inquire for his monument? Look around." As we walk around the homestead of the man who has now been summoned to his better home, we need not ask for tablets to his memory. The edifice in which he worshiped from Sabbath to Sabbath is a monument to him. The building for the Library on the Seminary hill, the spires of the two chapels there, are

monuments to him and to his generous partners in business. Our Abbot Academy and our Memorial Hall are among his other monuments. We cannot cross the railroad in our village without recalling his efforts to prevent its being desecrated on the Sabbath. When we remember his benefactions to our town, we must also remember that he was not indebted to it as the home of his ancestors; he was not trained in our schools; his early friends lie buried in a far-off land; his gifts were those of a foreigner, who "loved our nation, and built for us a synagogue."

As we reflect upon his fruitful life we are reminded of his early consecration to the God of his fathers. For sixty years he has been an earnest follower of Him who went about doing good. His thoughts were in heaven. His mental habits were run in the right mould. Therefore, when he was called to leave the world he was tranquil. He knew whom he believed, and was persuaded that his faith would not fail him. He went from this life to the next, as if he were going from one room to a better in his Father's house.

We are also reminded that his religion had a practical character. It was not merely contemplative. It was not confined to the sanctuary nor to the prayer meeting, both of which he loved. What good cause was he not glad to aid? He was a pioneer in the temperance reformation. He moved among the foremost in securing the freedom of the slave. He loved his adopted land as if he were a native of it. Our country needs such an example as his among men of business. He was a man of honest speech. Who ever suspected him of malfeasance in office? Who ever doubted his probity in the smaller or the greater affairs of life?

The secret of his prosperous career lay in the fact that he regarded himself as a servant of God. He ascribed all his success to God. As a manufacturer he meant to be a truthful man and a Christian. He often expressed his obligation to his mother, a woman of strong mind and an earnest spirit; but, above all, he felt grateful to God for giving him so devout a mother. He loved his father, and the instructors of his boyhood, and the pastors to whom he listened in his

early days; but he ascribed their influence over him to God. This was the tendency of his mind. The lesson which he has left us is that we should live for the glory of our Redeemer. Our friend has gone from us, but he still lives with us. We know what he would say if he were now among us. His past life is his present counsel to us.

The day on which he died was the same day on which Rev. Dr. Sears, the superintendent of the Peabody Fund for the benefit of our Southern States, was called from life. Dr. Sears was the intimate friend of Rev. Dr. Jackson, who was for many years the beloved pastor of him whose remains now lie before us. That pastor now in heaven welcomed his two companions both at once. This thought suggests the blissful reunions which await us. Let us not think of our pious friends as torn from us, but rather as waiting to receive us. Let us not think of their graves, but rather of their companionship with the angels. Our friend has rejoined his godly ancestors, his devout children; but, more than all, he has met his Redeemer, and so, as we trust, will be "ever with the Lord."

A large body of mourners attended the remains to their last resting-place, — the West Parish church-yard.

There, by the side of the wife and children who had preceded him to the heavenly inheritance, we laid him away till the morning of the resurrection.

" I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

LIBRARY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

YC 29637